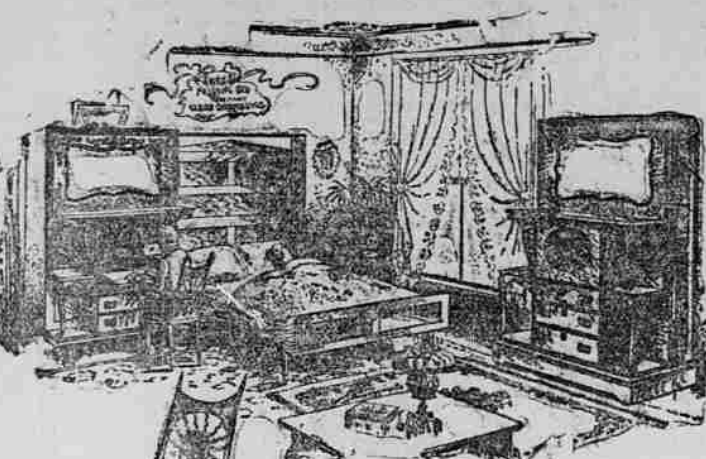


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ROYAL PALMS OF RIO

A Magnificent Half a Day's Excursion in Brazil.

Passing Glances of Brazilian Institutions—The Famous "Jardim Botânico"—and Other Sights Worth Seeing.

RIO DE JANEIRO, April 29.—[Special correspondence of THE SUNDAY HERALD.]—The very first day of leisure which a stranger in Rio can find, should be devoted to the world-renowned botanical gardens, which lie about seven miles southwest from the city. The ride thither, which is no small part of the pleasure of the excursion, occupies an hour each way; and the trip—a great big roll of Brazilian bills, or a hat full of the ponderous coins of the country, but in reality just 90 cents as we Americans reckon money. At the crowded starting point—corner the Rua do Ouvidor and Gonçalves Dias—among the multitude of cars painted in all the colors of the rainbow, be sure to take the one with a green dashboard, marked "Jardim Botânico." It runs over the oldest tramway line on the southern continent—built in 1867 by a company from the United States and owned and operated by them until within the last ten years, which connects the capital with several important suburban districts.

HOW THEY FILL OUT SUNDAY. Immediately we find ourselves whirled into a "point of interest"—the small square known as Largo da Carioca, from the reservoir on its southern side, which is supplied from the Carioca mountains by means of the old reservoir. Always a scene of bustling activity, this small plaza was once the most crowded in Rio, because the whole population were compelled to come here for water until the present system of house distribution, and soldiers were constantly on duty to preserve order at the reservoir. The great building on the western side of the square is the hospital of the oldest lay brotherhood in the city, the Ordem Terceira de São Francisco da Penitência, or the order of the Third Order of Saint Francis, founded in 1620. Only two upper floors are used for hospital purposes, and the well-kept grounds are adorned with a profusion of statuary. This brotherhood owns a great deal of valuable property in and around Rio, which is largely used for charitable purposes. Behind the reservoir a paved court leads to a massive, irregular pile of buildings—the old monastery, which lately passed into the possession of the state, and is now used as a barracks for regular troops. Their church is the most picturesque of the city's neighborhood, crowning a hill back of the reservoir and reached by a broad flight of stone steps terminating in a terrace. It was built about the year 1700, and though falling into decay was once celebrated for the elegance of its decorations.

A GROUP OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Just beyond is an interesting group of public buildings—an interesting printing office, the splendid theatre of Dom Pedro, and across the street the Liceu de Artes e Officinas, or school of arts and trades. The latter is the most progressive educational institution in the city—a mechanics' night school, founded about forty years ago, and since 1860 sustained by an annual "subvention" from the government.

It was designed for the development of mechanical and art industries, and in 1810 an annex for females was added. The teachers give their services and instruction is gratuitous. Penmanship, mathematics, physics, chemistry, mechanical and architectural drawing, and various other branches are taught, to which music has been added for the girls.

It is really one of the most interesting and successful schools of the kind to be found in any country. Now our car turns into the little Largo da Boa Vista—"Square of the Bishop's Mother"—so named because the mother of the first bishop of Castello Branco, 1774, lived in a house hereabouts. To the left of its central fountain a steep street leads up to the Episcopal seminary, San Sebastian church and its old monastery, and places on Castle hill, and on the right, facing Evaristo da Veiga street, is the English church, the oldest Protestant sanctuary in all South America. It was constructed under the provisions of the treaty of 1810, which stipulated that it should use no bells and have the outside appearance of a private house, and standing some distance back from the street, surrounded by a high, iron paling, a stranger would never dream that it is a church. It was completed in 1820, and is now called Christ church, though originally dedicated to St. George, the patron saint of England, and also John the Baptist, as a delicate compliment to King John VI, the reigning Portuguese sovereign. Time was when a duty of one-half per cent. was imposed on all British merchandise imported into Brazil, two-thirds of which revenue went to the British consular, and the remaining third was devoted to "pious and charitable purposes," which included the original cost of the church. But for many years it has been totally dependent upon local revenue.

AN UGLY SUNKEN.

A little way beyond is one of the largest and ugliest structures in Rio, the Ajuda cemetery, which occupies nearly a whole block. It belongs to an order of Franciscan nuns and was founded about two centuries and a quarter ago. Strangers generally mistake the moldy old pile for a penitentiary, and it looks a good deal more like a place of punishment for the wicked than the voluntary abode of religious devotees. Only two of the Ajuda nuns are now living, and when these aged sisters die, the property, which is one of the most desirable and valuable in the country, will pass into the hands of the government. The last emperors' mother and sister, Maria Leopoldina, and Lema Paula Marianna, were buried in the chapel of this convent, as was also Princess Isabella's first-born, a girl. There is only one other cemetery in the city, the Convento de Santa Theresa, on the eastern slope of Santa

Theresa hill overlooking the lower bay and harbor entrance. It belongs to an order of Carmelite nuns and was founded about 1740 by a devotee named Jacinta, who persuaded one of her relatives to purchase a piece of land on which she and her sister retired. Their convent was never permitted to receive more than twenty-one nuns at a time, eighteen of the black veil and three of the white. The last admission was in 1890 and now only about half a dozen of the nuns are living. When they die their splendid property will also revert to the state. Turning sharply to the right, our tramway leads into the broad, well-paved Rua do Passeio and runs past Rio de Janeiro's favorite public garden, the "Passeio Publico." Only a glimpse of its central lawn and shady paths can be obtained from the street, but it is the most attractive spot in the city, though the oldest having been opened to the public exactly 120 years ago. Many of its original features have disappeared, but it still retains some of the characteristic beauties designed by its founder, the Viscount of Albuquerque. On its side facing the bay is an enormous marble paved, elevated terrace, from which may be obtained a magnificent view of the lower bay and harbor entrance. Its garden is filled with the choicest native and exotic trees and shrubs; and whether strolling through its shaded paths in the day time or by gaslight or listening to music upon its crowded terrace in the evening, the Passeio Publico is a place not soon to be forgotten. Opposite its entrance is a street which was formerly named "all Street of Fine Nights," because on "all moonlit evenings" Viceroy Vasconcelas used to pass through it on his way to spend an hour in the garden. Facing it is also the department of justice, the National library, standing side by side.

LARGO DA LAPA.

Now we come to the Largo da Lapa—the Lapa church and Carmelite convent on the left, on the right the famous arches of the Carioca aqueduct, the Freitas hotel in front and the big bronze fountain of the new waterworks occupying the center of the square. Here the street ascends and affords a charming view of the bay and the hills, covered with handsome residences and crowned with a pretty occasional church, which the Imperial family used to frequent. At its foot is an untidy public garden and beyond the garden is a large square edifice which was built for a market but is used as a tenement for the poor, and is said to shelter a thousand people. Now we enter the Rua do Catete, at the beginning of which stands a large, one-story private house, built in the Italian style and backed by extensive gardens. At each end of it are two small, square open courts with a central staircase leading to the entrance, within which are two marble ball-players who seem to be tossing a ball over the house-top. It was built by a Brazilian capitalist and is known as the "Palacete Corneio." Just beyond is the "Palacete" of the Baron de Nova Friburgo, the richest, private house in Rio, a masterpiece of marble, iron, and wood, adorned with carvings, paintings and statuary. Beyond the pretty little public garden known as the Zargo do Machado the tramway divides, and again a couple of blocks farther on, near the new Methodist church, it divides again, ushering us at length into one of the most picturesque streets in the world.

By and by the city street becomes a country road, and we come nearer and nearer to Corcovado, the colossal "Hunchback," which length it seems to stand directly over us, a sheer precipice of gray rock towering skyward 3,000 feet. Wind around the edge of a small salt lake—Lagoa Rodrigo de Freitas, which is separated from the Atlantic only by a narrow strip of land—see on the right hand many interesting old Portuguese estates, laid out in terraces and winding paths up the hill sides and ornamented with statues and tropical shrubs. Directly in front is the distant, square-topped Garia, lifting its weather-bitten face 3,000 feet above the sea; the towers and peaks of Dias Iramas and the green mountains of Tupac.

Soon the lake becomes a breakish swamp, where wild birds are padding; then a jungle, where

WILD FLOWERS PERFUME THE AIR;

then the country road changes to a lane, barely wide enough for a car track, and runs into what appears to be a thicket of wild bamboo and banana, in the midst of which a little fountain (restaurant) is set on one side and a very tall iron fence on the other.

THE FAMOUS JARDIM BOTANICO.

Here we alight at a ponderous gateway in the iron paling and find ourselves once in a million palled, marble-paved room, with marble benches ranged around its sides, where visitors may sit while waiting for the return car, which passes every twenty minutes on the way back to town. This is the vestibule or entrance to the famous Jardim Botânico, and passing through it one steps amazed at the first sight of the world-renowned avenue of royal palms, which begins at this gate and stretches away across the garden to the foot of the mountain, a distance of half a mile or more. It is impossible to give in words any idea of the magnificence of this living, arborescent gallery, which surpasses anything of the kind on the face of the globe and is worth coming all the way to Brazil to see—a colossus of natural Corinthian columns, whose graceful, bright green capitals seem to support a portion of the blue dome that arches above. As one looks down the long vista of columns—straight, firm and smooth, as though carved in stone, a dim vision of some Egyptian temple rises to the imagination, one feels as if monarchs had been drawn up in line to do homage, or as if he had been translated to another sphere and this verdant gallery must lead to a mansion of the gods. The most blasé traveler walks in silence through the towering ranks, impressed too deeply for words—as at the first view of Niagara, of a snow-capped mountain, of a grand cathedral, and other sights which bring the souls of impressionable people to their knees, whatever may be the attitude of their bodies. To come down to figures, there are 150 of those noble trees, the palmas reais (oreodoxa regia), planted thirty feet apart in a double row enclosing a wide gravel path. The palms have an average height of eighty feet, and an average diameter at the base of three feet, their trunks have grown as straight as if plumb line and their lines are as regular as mathematical devices could make them.

High up in the air their enormous feathery

tufts in a perpetual tremor, shaken by every breath of air.

As an appropriate setting to these masterpieces of nature, the garden is surrounded by the wildest of tropical scenery. Between the stant trunks you look upward to incomparable blue skies, to nearby mountains, to the sea, whose murmur you can faintly hear. A shorter alley of palms crosses the main one near its beginning, the two forming a gigantic cross. About mid-way down the avenue is a fountain, and here other avenues, scarcely less splendid, branch off at right angles, with old mango trees (Mangueiras) whose long arms, gnarled trunks and dense interlocking foliage would alone distinguish this garden from any other. But there are groves of cinnamon and move trees, groves of tea shrubs from China and Japan, myrtle trees and maples, pines and camphor trees, cacao, bread fruit, "cogon" table butter, and a host of other plants from all parts of the world. There are a hundred gardens, each leading to a new surprise. The garden lies near the sea-shore, directly at the base of a spur of the Serra da Carioca, and forms part of an experimental farm (fazenda) known as the agricultural school. It had its origin in the year 1808, in a small private garden established here by the director of a gunpowder factory. About ten years later it was formally attached to the royal museum and the burden of its support transferred to the national treasury. The Instituto Fluminense de Agricultura, (Agricultural society,) under whose administration it now is, was not created until 1890, since when the government has made an annual appropriation for its maintenance, as well as that of the School of Farming.

No wonder Brazilians are so proud of their "Jardim Botânico," which has hardly a rival in the world. No matter how hot the days may be, and no matter how small and smelly, one may always come out here and find quiet, coolness and pure air. Beyond the garden lies the road to the suburban hamlet to the foot of Gavea, and beyond their limit a fine road zig-zags up the heights to a breezy gap called "Alta da Boa Vista," where some incomparable views may be obtained.

FANNIE B. WARD.

FAST TRAINS.

Definite arrangements have now been made for the new fast train from San Francisco to Chicago, which will be put in May and will run via Southern Pacific, Rio Grande Western, Colorado Midland and Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe roads. Train will leave San Francisco at 7 a. m. and Chicago at 11:30 p. m. The next day at 9:25 p. m., arriving at Kansas City the next day at 6:20 p. m. and Chicago the following morning at 9:15 a. m. This train will make the run from Ogden to Chicago in exactly sixty hours, and will be the fastest train on record between Ogden and Chicago via Kansas City.

Try our white onions. S. L. Pickle Co.

GARFIELD BEACH.

Grand Opening on Decoration Day—Trains Will Run as Follows:

Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
Garfield, Salt Lake.	Garfield, Salt Lake.	Garfield, Salt Lake.	Garfield, Salt Lake.
10:30 a. m.	10:15 a. m.	12:30 noon	12:45 p. m.
11:30 a. m.	11:15 a. m.	1:30 p. m.	1:45 p. m.
1:30 p. m.	1:15 p. m.	2:30 p. m.	2:45 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:15 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	3:45 p. m.
4:30 p. m.	4:15 p. m.	4:30 p. m.	4:45 p. m.
5:30 p. m.	5:15 p. m.	5:30 p. m.	5:45 p. m.
6:30 p. m.	6:15 p. m.	6:30 p. m.	6:45 p. m.
7:30 p. m.	7:15 p. m.	7:30 p. m.	7:45 p. m.

Fare for round trip, 50c.

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A GREAT RAILROAD.

By the absorption of the Chicago & Atlantic railway between Marion and Chicago, the Erie has at last effected its entrance into Chicago, and now occupies the proud position of being the only line between Chicago and New York entirely under one management.

One result of this is the arrangement whereby all the through trains of the Erie and now run solid between Chicago and New York without change. Passengers holding through tickets, whether first or second class, are able to go from Chicago to New York without changing cars. Pullman's most modern sleeping cars are run on all through trains via this line, and on their vestibule limited, Pullman's dining cars. No extra fare charged on this train. In fact, the rates via the Erie are lower than via any other route offering equal facilities.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

An examination, as prescribed by law, for teachers who are candidates for positions in the Salt Lake city public schools, will be held June 10, 17 and 18, 1892, in the Fourteenth school building, commencing at 9 a. m.

J. F. MILLINGTON, Chairman Board of Examiners.

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ON CAMAS PRAIRIE

A Rich Strip of Country Which the Indians Overlooked

Immense Mountain Ranges Which Contain Vast Mineral Zones—Transportation Facilities Needed.

BOISE CITY, Idaho, May 25.—[Special correspondence of THE HERALD.]—A. F. Parker, editor of the Idaho Free Press, published at Grangeville, Idaho, an old time pioneer, prospector and Indian fighter of Idaho, is in this city. His home is at Grangeville, Idaho county. In an interview with Mr. Parker your correspondent learned that Idaho county is the largest county in the state, having an area of over 11,000 square miles, or larger in extent than the states of New Jersey and Connecticut combined. This county is a vast region of unexplored country, consisting of agricultural, pastoral, mineral and timber lands. The agricultural portion is confined to a strip of land known as Camas Prairie, which adjoins the Nez Percé Indian reservation in the northwestern portion of the county, and access to it can be had by traversing the reservation, as Mr. Parker says Camas Prairie is simply a strip of good land which the Indians somewhat overlooked when they defined the boundaries of the reservation, and this fact is more surprising because the Indians usually

HOG ALL THAT IS IN SIGHT.

At any rate, while men occupy these lands and have made a great country of it, Camas Prairie comprises about twelve townships, or 280,000 acres of strictly agricultural lands capable of producing thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, and other cereals in proportion.

This region is at present without a railroad and last fall a citizens railroad committee was organized and made a canvass to ascertain the cattle shipments. It was learned that 5,000 horses, 7,000 beef steers and several thousand hogs had been actually sold and driven off to the nearest railroad point, Uniontown, Wash. eighty-five miles distant. The nearest shipping point is Lewiston on Snake river sixty-five miles distant, where freight is handled by steamboats of the Union Pacific railroad. The importations of freight to Idaho county exceed 8,000,000 pound per year.

THE INDIAN RESERVATION

contains more than three quarters of a million of acres of equally good agricultural land. The work of settling the 1,800 Indians in and in several years has progressed since 1885, and will be completed this year. In view of these facts the enterprising citizens of Camas Prairie and Lewiston have been actively at work to encourage railway extension into the great Clearwater basin. Both the Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific systems are instituting surveys for railroads. Agricultural developments in Idaho are practically at a standstill for lack of adequate transportation facilities. When these are furnished that county will eclipse the famous Snake river area in the area and quantity of cereal exports.

But back of these agricultural lands are immense mountain ranges known as the Salmon river and Bitter Root mountains which are practically unexplored, but which are known to contain vast mineral wealth. The Coeur d'Alene range is only a spur of the great Bitter Root divide, which in reality is the mother range of the continent, and when great camps like those of

THE COEUR D'ALENE

are found in a spur it is but a logical sequence that far richer and greater deposits of mineral will be found in the main continental divide itself. The camp of Elk City is coming rapidly into prominence. Mr. Parker is sanguine that it is destined to become the most productive camp in the state. The ores are free milling gold and silver, and the present depression in silver and lead and refractory ores cannot fail to benefit the Elk City district whose ores carry gold exclusively. The district is a very large one, embracing discoveries on Crooked river, Red river and American river. These three streams unite near Elk City and form the South Fork of the great Clearwater river.

On the south side of Salmon river the gold mines of Warren are being developed. This camp is the home of Norman B. Wilber, governor of Idaho, and his mine the "W. B. Knott" is the standard gold property of the state.

Still further south but practically inaccessible at present, except by tortuous mountain trails are the Alto, Monumental, Deep Creek, Sea Foam and South Mountain districts, all containing

IMMENSE LEDGES OF SILVER BEARING ORES. In Monumental district the richest copper ores in the state have been found. A system of stage wagon roads is to be surveyed through the region this summer, and the surveys are expected to be on the ground to qualify next week and immediately take the field.

Mr. Parker has an intimate knowledge of the resources of this part of the state, and is himself a quartz expert of large experience and he expresses the opinion that this region is a natural storehouse of mineral wealth, and although by reason of its present inaccessibility it is growing slowly to importance, it is nevertheless bound to attain eventually a production that will eclipse the best camps of Colorado in their palmy days.

He also expresses the opinion that if the Union Pacific company had spent as much money in building railroads in Idaho as they had done in Colorado, they would today be in better financial shape because of the greater wealth of Idaho.

All this vast region of Idaho county is the last remaining piece of frontier in the United States, and as Mr. Parker tersely puts it, he is satisfied that its great advantages and its vast resources of natural wealth will prove that.

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